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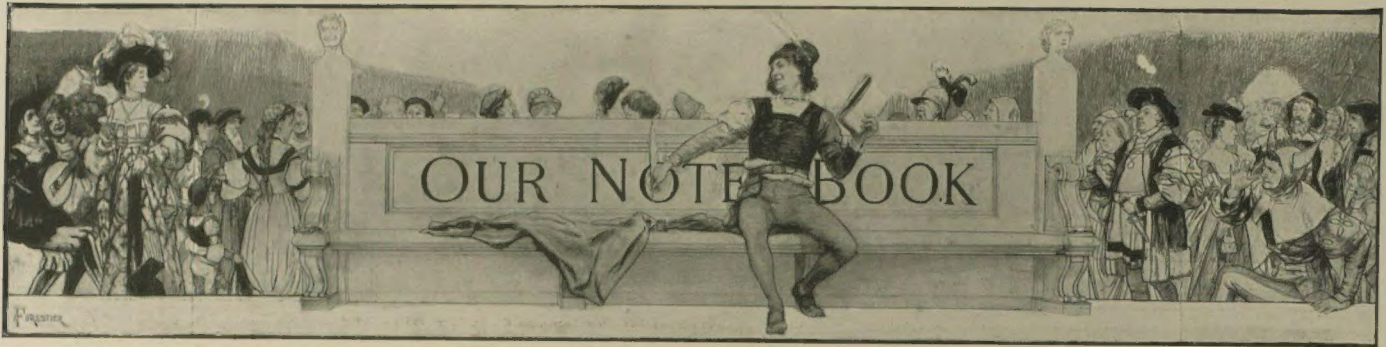


THE RE-CAPTOR OF KUT: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. STANLEY MAUDE, COMMANDING IN MESOPOTAMIA.

In a War Office announcement of February 27, "from reports received from Sir Stanley Maude, G.O.C. Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force," it was stated, after an account of the fighting on the Tigris on the 23rd and 24th: "The whole of the enemy's positions from Sanna-i-Yat to Kut-el-Amara have been secured. Kut itself passes automatically into our hands." General Maude, who was knighted last December, has been in

command of the forces in Mesopotamia since last October. After devoting great attention to railway development and the lines of communication, he began the actual advance towards Kut on December 13. He is the son of the late General Sir F. F. Maude, V.C., and is related to Viscount Hawarden. Earlier in the war he was serving in France, where he was wounded in 1915, and he has been five times mentioned in despatches.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SWAINE.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE submarine extravagance, and the practical reaction it produced in America, convinced all neutrals of a certain fact. It was a fact which many of them had mentally evaded, which many of them were in the very act of mentally evading—that there is something very peculiar about modern Germany. But there are many who are already convinced, and who are still puzzled. They are like men who have met a dragon walking down the high street; they feel it is scarcely philosophic to call him fabulous, but they still cannot call him natural. Yet this would be precisely the impression produced on people not by a dragon, but by a crocodile, if they had really never heard of one before. An elephant or a rhinoceros must have looked very like a fable to the man who first found that it was a fact; but it was a fact. We have not perfected a good popular science of exceptions, or of things that are not even exceptions, but only awful examples. A naturalist may assure us that the elephant belongs to the pig family; but this will not ensure its being easily insinuated into any private pig-sty. It would not enable the elephant to slip unobtrusively past the most sleepy swineherd, or join the most varied herd of swine without remark. A crocodile may be a lizard; but the traveller in Italy, who dreamily watches the lizards dancing in the sun, could not but note the fact if a crocodile were to join the dance. In short, even if we are not concerned with exceptions, we must confess the existence of exaggerations. There are, both in physical and moral nature, things in which some familiar tendency or trait becomes unfamiliar by its very emphasis. Also there are real exceptions. The whale is an exception. Prussia is an exception; and the rest of modern Germany is, to put it mildly, an exaggeration.

Now, many modern critics of the moderate sort cannot get this very simple truth into their heads at all! They are so used to everything being classified that they seem to fancy that everything has been equalised. It never seems to strike them that things which are similar in some particular point of theory can be highly dissimilar for some particular end of practice. They seem to think that, because a mouse and a whale will both go into a book on mammals, they will both go into a mouse-trap. They have fallen into the habit of marshalling certain things in a sort of decorative order, like a pattern: the arts, the animals, the elements, the religions, and the nations. And this makes them think vaguely of them as being all the same size and colour—and especially of the same social importance or ethical merit. But history gives no support to this illusion of harmony. There have been many things in religion and politics that were both very important and very extraordinary. The Jews are not only a problem; they are the only problem of their kind. Modern Japan cannot properly be classified either with Europe or with Asia. The Turk at Constantinople was described, in a famous phrase, as a sick man; and he was probably the one sick man who was really right in think-

ing his illness was unique. The gipsies are mysterious and probably Oriental, yet the particular enigma they present is quite different from the enigma of the Jews or the enigma of the Turks. The negro problem of America does not exist in other great and civilised countries, for which the other great and civilised countries may be justified in thanking the goodness and the grace that on their birth has smiled. Nor would it be difficult to adduce similar instances in matters that are happier, or at least more heroic. The French Revolution was purely French; nothing exactly like it occurred in the other countries which seemed to have the same institutions. The English sea-power is not, as the Germans say, oppressive; but the Germans are quite right when they say it is exceptional. No other empire was ever in the least like the Roman Empire; and, when I express my own belief that no other religion is like the Christian

that it is abnormal and a challenge to the natural course of events; only it is not a revolution meant to declare liberty, but a revolution meant to destroy it.

Even in the face of the last flaming facts, there are still well-meaning people who murmur that one country must be very much like another, that neighbours in Europe cannot be so very different, that masses of men cannot go so very wrong. But to say this is to cut the ground from under the feet of every reformer, and certainly of every revolutionist. It is idle to demand good institutions if large masses of men are not hurt by bad institutions. It is the whole point of political idealism that it ultimately has its issue in popular realities; otherwise it would be mere day-dreaming. Men will not run the risk of being Abolitionists if slavery does not produce slaves. Men will not suffer for their humanitarianism if brutality does not brutalise. Modern Germany offers the spectacle of a State in which the servile machinery has produced a servile psychology, and in which quite ordinary soldiers have really become brutal through being treated as brutes. It is an exception because it is a disease; but the disease is an epidemic. The poison is also a quack medicine. As with any other epidemic, some people do not catch it; as with any other poison, some resist it better than others. But, unless we consent to see it thus in the bulk as a thoroughly bad thing, we shall suffer perpetually from fantastic surprises, and find ourselves wrong every time. We shall have the same adventures as a man who should refuse to believe that a rhinoceros is a rhinoceros, because it has an extraordinary shape. If he insists on calling it a cow, he will find it is a very peculiar cow, and one not overflowing with the milk of kindness. Mr. Snowden, I think, said in the House of Commons the other day that the German threat about submarine warfare was "unfortunate," as if the German had made holes in the bottoms of half-a-hundred separate ships by a sort of slip or oversight. Mr. Snowden could not get away from the idea, I suppose, that the Germans were acting out of their character—the character he chose to invent for them. Certainly it may be very unfortunate that a rhinoceros has a horn on his nose; but it is not (after the first optical shock) unexpected. I do not know how many keepers Mr. Snowden requires to have killed before he finds out that the rhinoceros has a bad temper, and is not one of the creatures normally friendly to man. Another remark made by Mr. Snowden was that there has never been a war that came from the people, though there may have been wars expected by them. Would he say that there has never been a revolution that came from the people? And would he have asked any people to suffer from their own rulers the sort of thing that such men as he have asked us to suffer from strangers? If he wanted this, he certainly would not get it; and if the great war had ended in German domination it would, I hope, have only been the prelude of the greatest of all human revolutions.



THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL STUDIES BY THE KING: HIS MAJESTY, QUEEN MARY, AND PRINCESS MARY AT THE CITY BOUNDARY.

On February 23, the King visited the City to open the new School of Oriental Studies at the London Institution. The picturesque and ancient ceremony of proffering the Pearl Sword to the King at the gate of the City was gone through on the Embankment, where his Majesty touched the Sword and left it in charge of the Lord Mayor. On arriving at the School, their Majesties were received by Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, and Sir John Hewitt addressed the King upon the purpose of the School. In his reply, his Majesty emphasised its work—how it would afford fresh opportunities of study to those services which have been the pioneer of progress and the instrument of good Government in India and Egypt, will furnish with a fuller technical equipment the pioneers of commerce and industry, and develop the sympathy existing between India and our Far-Eastern ally, Japan. Lord Curzon also spoke at length upon the objects of the School. [Photograph by C.N.]

religion, I believe it to be supported not merely by faith but by facts.

Now, if we lump any such abnormal things along with normal things, we shall get into a muddle. Whatever else may be useful, it will be quite useless simply to say that an American in South Carolina was having a difficulty with his servants, as if they were white servants. The black might not be so black as he was painted; but we cannot state the problem at all unless we put it down in black and white. If we were to talk about the French Revolution as if it were a General Election, we might work out some very exact tables of electioneering figures; but it would be vain to record how men voted without a word of what they said—or, what was not the least important, what they did. The red flag was certainly not so red as it is painted; but no office can afford to file it as a pink form. And the permanent Prussian Government, like that particular Parisian Government, is a revolutionary Government. It is revolutionary in the sense

ONCE MORE IN BRITISH HANDS: KUT; AND SCENES OF OUR ADVANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 AND 4 BY TOPICAL.



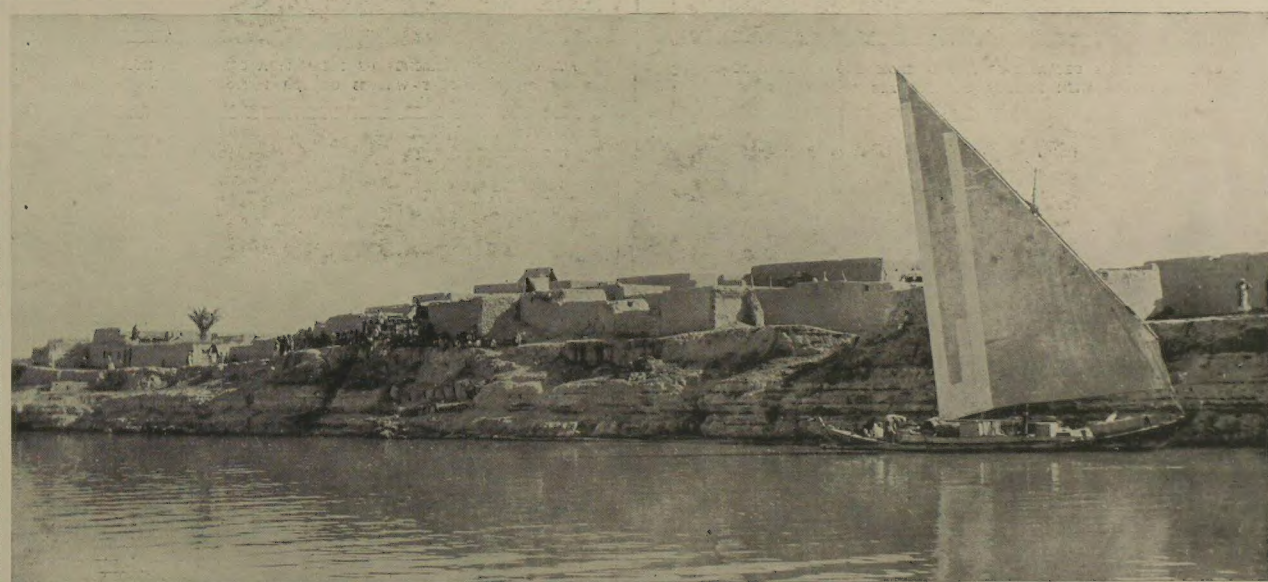
MODERN SCIENCE AND MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE IN KUT-EL-AMARA: PART OF A WIRELESS MAST AND A GROUP OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.



COUNTRY IN WHICH OUR TROOPS ARE FIGHTING IN MESOPOTAMIA:
A BLOCKHOUSE AMONG DATE-PALMS.



DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT IN MESOPOTAMIA OWING TO FLOODS:
PACK-MULES STRUGGLING THROUGH WATER.



SHOWING THE HIGH BANKS OF THE TIGRIS AT THIS POINT, WHICH MADE KUT OF MILITARY IMPORTANCE: A VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM THE RIVER.

As mentioned under the portrait of Sir Stanley Maude on our front page, the recapture of Kut by the troops under his command in Mesopotamia resulted from the fighting of February 23 and 24, during which a British force crossed the Tigris higher up and took the Turks in the rear, capturing 1730 prisoners. "The little town of Kut-el-Amara," writes Mr. Perceval Landon, "once more flies the Union Jack over what remains of the public buildings in the battered square. . . . Among the many Kuts of Irak and the neighbourhood, this poor little collection of hovels—fronted by decent two-storeyed houses

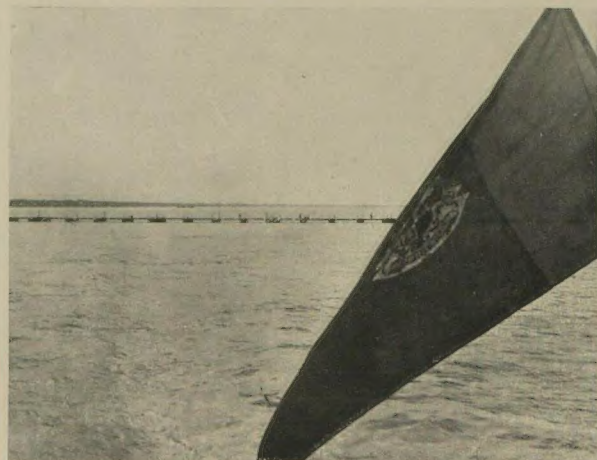
along the Tigris and around the town square—will acquire the proud distinction of being 'Kut' *par excellence*. And its new dignity will have been due solely to an accident of geology. Between Basra and Ctesiphon there is but one point along the Tigris where the river bank rises 25 ft. above normal high water, and that is at Kut." The place thus forms a bulwark against the Tigris floods. When General Townshend retreated from Ctesiphon, Kut was consequently the first place where he found it wise to halt. He re-entered it on December 3, 1915, and the historic siege of 147 days ensued.

THE DANUBE AND ROUMANIAN TRANSPORT: AT A PONTOON-BRIDGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY BAUDOUIN.



A ROUMANIAN TRANSPORT ON THE DANUBE: THE S.S. "MARIA" AND OTHER ROUMANIAN SHIPS.



AS SEEN FROM A ROUMANIAN TORPEDO-BOAT: A TEMPORARY PONTOON-BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE.



FOR CONCEALMENT OR DECORATION? A RED CROSS AND OTHER WAGONS, COVERED WITH FOLIAGE, CROSSING THE DANUBE.



ALL CARRYING BRANCHES OF FOLIAGE: A COLUMN OF ROUMANIAN TRANSPORT-WAGONS ON THE PONTOON-BRIDGE.



READY TO CONVEY WOUNDED TO ODESSA: ROUMANIAN HOSPITAL-SHIPS BY THE PONTOON-BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE.



PASSING BENEATH A DECORATED ARCH: A ROUMANIAN TRANSPORT COLUMN LEAVING THE PONTOON-BRIDGE.

A Russian, official communiqué of February 23 stated that reconnaissances by small parties and some infantry firing were taking place on the Roumanian front, but, apart from that, there has been little news from that quarter, up to the moment of writing, for some considerable time. Our photographs belong to a rather earlier period of the Roumanian campaign, but as they have only just come to hand, they will doubtless be new to our readers, and the fact that they are inevitably not quite up to date does not

detract at all from their inherent interest. They show the work of the transport branch of the Roumanian forces, in connection with a temporary pontoon-bridge constructed across the broad-flowing Danube. As regards the foliage which the wagons are seen to be carrying, it is not stated whether this was for the purpose of making the vehicles less visible to the enemy when passing along roads, or whether it was in the nature of decorations. The ornamental arch at the end of the bridge rather supports the latter explanation.

IVAN OFF DUTY IN FRANCE: RUSSIANS ON THE CHAMPAGNE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



1. A BRITISH NATIONAL GAME ADOPTED BY THE RUSSIANS IN FRANCE: FOOTBALL ON A FROZEN LAKE.

2. RUSSIANS IN CHAMPAGNE ENJOYING ICE SPORTS ON A FROZEN CANAL: CAP-SHOOTING FROM A ROUNDABOUT SLEDGE.

It is interesting to see that the Russian troops in France have taken to football, a fact which suggests new opportunities of Anglo-Russian friendship. A different game is shown in the lower photograph. A Russian soldier seated on a sledge revolved round a circle on the ice, by means of a long pole on a pivot in the centre, is shooting at a cap just thrown into the air by the man on the right. Keen competitions in this pastime are held. Describing a recent visit to it, Mr. G. H. Perris writes: "Most of these men

come from Siberian regiments. . . . Among them, in this moorland camp, I feel again, as in happier days I have felt on the Russian prairies and rivers, that of the deepest stuff of civilisation there is more in these warm, simple natures than in all the philosophy of Berlin, Tübingen, and Jena. The Russian sector . . . presents the familiar scenes of winter rest and preparation. One stretch of trenches had just been battered to bits; but Herr Boche had found Ivan Ivanovitch quite ready, and had got nothing for his pains."

AN ATHLETIC PRINCE, AND OTHERS: PERSONALITIES OF WAR TIME.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 AND 2 BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU; 3 AND 5 BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS (COPYRIGHT RESERVED); 4, BRITISH OFFICIAL; 6 AND 7 BY ALFRED.



THE KING'S THIRD SON IN THE ETON SENIOR STEEPLCHASE: PRINCE HENRY TAKING A WATER JUMP.



SIXTEENTH OUT OF A FIELD OF SIXTY IN THE ETON STEEPLCHASE: PRINCE HENRY "CHANGING."



SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE GRAND FLEET: ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES MADDEN.



AFTER RECEIVING THE G.C.M.G.: MARSHAL MISHITCH, WITH GENERAL MILNE, WHO PRESENTED THE DECORATION.



COMMANDING THE BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISER FLEET: REAR-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PAKENHAM.



WOMEN AS MAIL-VAN DRIVERS: A GIRL BEING COACHED BY MR. LYNFORD PALMER, THE WELL-KNOWN WHIP.



IN THEIR NEAT UNIFORMS OF NAVY SERGE PIPED IN RED: THREE OF THE NEW WOMEN MAIL-VAN DRIVERS.

Prince Henry, the third son of their Majesties the King and Queen, ran in the Senior Steeplechase at Eton on February 26, and finished sixteenth out of a field of nearly sixty runners. In the Junior Steeplechase last year he came in twelfth. Prince Henry was born on March 31, 1900.—The fact that Sir Charles Madden is now Second in Command of the Grand Fleet, and Sir William Pakenham Commander of the Battle-Cruiser Fleet, only transpired recently through the release for publication of photographs of the Grand Fleet by the Canadian War Records authorities. Sir Charles Madden had been Chief of

the Staff to Sir John Jellicoe on board the "Iron Duke." Sir William Pakenham was Second in Command to Sir David Beatty in the Battle-Cruiser Fleet.—Marshal Mishitch, Commander of the 1st Serbian Army, who did much towards the taking of Monastir, has been made a G.C.M.G.—Women are now being engaged by Messrs. Macnamara, the London mail contractors, to drive the Royal Mail vans, and it was arranged to swear in the first four at the General Post Office on February 26. The women are trained by two fine whips, Mr. F. Ward, of Tattersall's, and Mr. Lynford Palmer, the animal-painter,

"FORMALLY SALUTED IN A PUBLIC SQUARE IN ATHENS": ALLIED FLAGS.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE CEREMONIAL REPARATION OF GREECE FOR THE EVENTS OF DECEMBER 1: THE FRENCH, BRITISH, ITALIAN, AND RUSSIAN FLAGS BEING SALUTED BY GREEK TROOPS IN THE ZAPPEION SQUARE AT ATHENS.

In the Allied Note to Greece demanding guarantees and reparation for the events of December 1, when Allied forces were attacked in Athens, one clause was as follows: "The Greek Government shall present formal apologies to the Ministers of the Allies, and the British, French, Italian, and Russian flags shall be formally saluted in a public square in Athens in the presence of the Minister of War and the assembled garrison." This ceremony was duly performed in the Zappeion Square on January 30. At a given signal, four officers bearing the colours, followed by a squad of twenty men, marched

down the steps of the Zappeion and stood facing the Greek troops drawn up along three sides of the square. On the steps of the Zappeion, behind the flags, the Allied Ministers, Admirals, and Generals, with their staffs, then took up their position. The Greek bands played the National Anthems of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy, and the troops presented arms. A Greek battery on the Hill of Nymphs fired a salute of 21 guns, to which an Allied war-ship in Phaleron Bay replied. The Greek troops then marched past the Allied flags at the salute. A cavalry detachment was led by Prince Andrew.

WAR AGAINST "THE PEOPLE OF 15": SCENES IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.



DRAWN BY BULLOCK TEAMS: BRITISH NAVAL GUNS IN EAST AFRICA.



WITH THEIR MAXIM IN CAMP TRENCHES: MEN OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.



IN THE STATION YARD AT TABORA: NATIVES WORKING UNDER A BELGIAN SOUS-OFFICIER.



BRITISH MISSIONARIES RELEASED BY THE BELGIANS: A PARTY LEAVING TABORA.



HUNG WITH DRIED GRASS THE COLOUR OF THE LANDSCAPE: A SIGNAL-STATION IN CAMP.



A BATTALION OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES ON THE MARCH: LEAVING ADALA MISSION STATION IN PURSUIT OF THE GERMANS.



A SUPPLY COLUMN OF THE BRITISH FORCES ON THE MARCH IN EAST AFRICA: A PICTURESQUE SCENE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN TABORA AND MWANZA.

The successes of the British and Belgian troops in East Africa have been hailed with delight by the natives. An account of the entry of the Belgians into Tabora, given in a Reuter message, said: "The common cry of the natives was: 'The people of 15 have gone away. May they never return!' The '15' refers to the number of lashes which was the German minimum for trivial offences." When the war began, there were about a score of British missionaries, including several ladies, in German East Africa, and they were subjected to much ill-treatment. They were released by the arrival of the Belgians at Tabora, and recently reached England. One of them, the Rev. J. H. Briggs, said at a meeting in London the other day: "Last Easter all the British

prisoners, 50 in number, and 40 native prisoners of war, were removed to Tabora, and on the journey they were huddled together for the night in a shed. Orders were given to the guard that if any of the prisoners got up or moved about they were to shoot." Another missionary, the Rev. E. W. Doulton, stated that the Germans flogged native Christians to make them testify falsely that he had taught them heliography and incited them to rebel. In his despatch published recently, General Smuts praised "the spirit, determination, and prodigious efforts of all ranks" of the British forces. On his leaving to attend the War Conference, the chief command in East Africa was assumed by Lieutenant-General A. R. Hoskins.

"JOFFRE": "JELlicoe": "DORANDO": SEALS ENTERTAINING WOUNDED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. S. BEGG.



WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS FEEDING SEALS AT A TEA-CONCERT: A NOVEL BALL-ROOM SCENE.

The feeding of the seals is a familiar and amusing sight at the "Zoo," where the creatures flop about on the rocks and catch the fish that the keeper throws to them, or else dive after it into the water, where their movements are as graceful and rapid as on land they are slow and ungainly. A similar scene, without the watery element, was enacted the other day in a place where, in former days, it would have been least expected—the great ball-room of the Savoy Hotel. The three seals, named respectively "Joffre," "Jellicoe," and "Dorando," were in charge of Captain Fred Woodward (seen between the left-hand two), who acted as showman. Some wounded soldiers and a sailor are

shown throwing pieces of fish to the animals. The whole floor space of the ball-room was occupied by tea-tables, at which wounded men were closely seated, with a packet of cigarettes at each man's place. These popular tea-concerts for wounded are held at the Savoy Hotel on the first and third Tuesday in each month. A payment of one guinea entitles anyone to bring ten soldiers or sailors and to act as their host. Entertainments are provided, many leading artistes giving their services free. Those wishing to bring parties should apply to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Leake, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"KILLING" A U-BOAT: "M.L.'S" DEALING WITH AN ENEMY SUBMARINE.

DRAWN BY
CHARLES PEARS.



CHAS. PEARS

BRITISH MOTOR-LAUNCHES v. GERMAN U-BOATS: AN ENEMY SUBMARINE SPOTTED AND DESTROYED ON COMING UP TO VERIFY HER POSITION IN THE TRACK OF SHIPPING.

For obvious reasons, Sir Edward Carson gave no details of identity in making his statement that since the outbreak of the present German submarine campaign, early in February, no fewer than forty fights with U-boats had taken place within eighteen days. Nor did the First Lord of the Admiralty say what kinds of vessels were engaged on our side. We are permitted, however, to give this illustration of the fate which, not long since, overtook one U-boat at a certain place off the coast where arriving ships are accustomed to make their landfall, or sight a certain point of land on the way to their destination. Motor-launches, or "M.L.'s" as they are familiarly called, did the work on the occasion. The M.L.'s, of which hundreds are on

service, are mostly commanded by yachtsmen, and are largely manned by men previously of all kinds of occupations ashore. Captains and crews are as keen on submarine-hunting as any crew of the Grand Fleet on fighting the German Fleet. The incident illustrated shows two M.L.'s "killing" a U-boat surprised off a certain landfall point. The submarine, while lurking in ambush, had come up to verify her position, and her periscope was above the surface when the M.L.'s spotted it. The U-boat turned and twisted like a wriggling snake in trying to dive and escape. The foam of her contorted wake is seen all over the right-hand lower quarter of the illustration. Yet she was "killed."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"UNCEASING, SILENT, AND WATCHFUL": WITH THE BRITISH FLEET.

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS. COPYRIGHT RESERVED



THE LION'S "TEETH": TAKING SHELLS ABOARD H.M.S. "LION."



WHEN OUR SILENT NAVY SPEAKS: FIRING 15-INCH GUNS ON BOARD ONE OF OUR LATEST BATTLE-SHIPS.

In his speech on the Navy Estimates in the House of Commons a few days ago, Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty, before dealing with the question of the submarine menace, surveyed briefly the part played by the British Fleet in the war. "The vast work," he said, "the unceasing, silent, and watchful work of our Fleet deserves at all events a passing word. The Grand Fleet, though never advertised, is

never done working. . . . I do not think people really realise the calls that have been made upon the Navy as the war has expanded." Sir Edward Carson then gave some remarkable statistics showing the enormous scope of the Navy's work in connection with transport and the blockade of Germany, and reminded the House that it is also largely assisting in the expeditions in Mesopotamia, Salonika, Greece, and Egypt.

DIAGNOSING A SHIP'S "WOUND" AT SALONIKA: DIVERS AT WORK.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



A FLOATING REPAIR-SHOP IN THE HARBOUR OF SALONIKA: MENDING A HUGE GASH IN A SHIP'S SIDE CAUSED BY A COLLISION.

The difficulties of a floating workshop are well illustrated in the above photograph, taken in the harbour at Salonika, and showing the repair of a huge gash in the side of a vessel caused by a collision. The picture may also be regarded, incidentally, as a testimonial to the construction of the ship, which continued to float in spite of its extensive injury. The stage of operations here shown is the examination by divers of

the damage done below the water-line. Two divers are seen in the water, one in the centre-foreground and the other close to the vessel's side, their round metal head-pieces appearing just above the surface. In the group on the left two other divers, out of the water, may be observed, having their diving-dress adjusted. The head of one of them is seen emerging from the metal collar from which the head-piece has been removed.



THE INTERROGATION: A GERMAN PRISONER, TAKEN IN A TRENCH-RAID, BROUGHT BEFORE A BRITISH OFFICER IN HIS FRONT LINE "DUG-OUT."

Considerable numbers of German prisoners have been taken in the numerous trench-raids made by our troops, and others are constantly dribbling in after smaller encounters, or surrendering of their own accord. After a trench-raid the prisoners file one by one into the dug-out, or "funk-hole," which is used by the company commander as an office and sleeping-place during his spell in the front line. They are rapidly interrogated, and their papers are doctored. Then they are marshalled along the shell-torn and battered communication-trench to Headquarters and the enduro.

In the drawing a British Captain is seen seated on a petrol-tin at a "table" made of two more petrol-tins. The place is lit by a flickering candle and the light of a "Tommy's cooker" in a round tin. All the officer's belongings—accoutrements, gas-helmet, food supplies, and so on—are hung round the sides of the dug-out. The floor is afoot with filthy water, bridged by a trench-board, and now and again a daring and inquisitive rat splashes its way through, or stops for a moment to survey the scene. The low roof is of arched corrugated iron. The prisoner is going over his papers, whilst the guard behind him stands ready to teach him good manners should he prove refractory. Most of the German prisoners, however, are in a good humour, glad to be out of it and alive.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DE HADEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. AND CANADA.

THE BLIGHTY RAILWAY: BRITISH WOUNDED COMING BACK AFTER A FIGHT IN THE SNOW ON THE ANCRE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



LIGHT RAILWAYS USED FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF WOUNDED: R.A.M.C. MEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

The ground over which our armies have advanced is a mere chaotic waste: roads, villages, and tracks have been blasted out of all recognition. Over the pitted ground small trench-board tracks and light railways are laid by the Engineers, and the wise man keeps to these rather than make a line for himself across country towards his objective. The light railways are most useful for carrying up rations and supplies of ammunition and other material to the front; likewise for the easy transport of wounded back to the aid-posts behind the firing-line. In the drawing several parties of wounded men are seen riding on the light tram, or trolley, route which winds through the valleys, the trucks being pushed or hauled



BRINGING DOWN CASUALTIES TO A DRESSING STATION, AFTER A BRITISH ATTACK DURING THE SNOW PERIOD.

by men of the R.A.M.C. In the background on the right are the stumps of some blackened trees marking the site of a ruined village, and some half-concealed batteries. Along the trench-board track, or "duck-boards," as they are called, just beyond the light railway, one of the "walking wounded" is seen being helped along, on the extreme right of the drawing. All the wounded are bound for the same spot—the dressing-station and the motor-ambulances waiting to take them to the base. In the left foreground is a trolley that has been smashed by a shell.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



OFFERING AT DINNER (PREPARING ON THEIR GROUND STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (18th CENTURY))

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CLUSTER OF A CATHEDRAL: STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (13th CENTURY)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

RATIONS AND SUPER-RATIONS.

LORD DEVONPORT'S request to those who buy their own food—soldiers, sailors, paupers, lunatics, and prisoners, whether civil or military, being as obviously excluded by this definition as are children of tender years—to abstain from exceeding a fixed weekly limit in the consumption of bread, meat, and sugar has given some of us seriously to think, particularly when it was followed up by the hint of compulsion if it were not complied with and of other possible restrictions to come. The request does not mean, of course, that we are to subsist on this ration alone, because it is evident, as will presently be shown, that beside the 4 lb. of bread, the 2½ lb. of meat, and the 12 oz. of sugar thus allotted to each of us, we are expected to provide ourselves with a quantity of something like a half of their total in other foodstuffs. The choice of these is wide at the time of writing, and ranges over fish, cheese, rice, macaroni, tapioca, sago, lentils, peas, and other vegetables, as well as fruit, although it is quite possible that the list may be cut down before this gets into print.

The way this figure is arrived at is perfectly simple. Our object in eating food, apart from the pleasure normal people find in the act, is to replace the energy expended by the body in the exercise of its various functions by exactly the same process, as has been frequently said in this column, as in stoking a fire. To calculate this, the *calorie*, or amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one gramme or cubic centimetre of water by one degree Centigrade, is taken as the most convenient unit of energy. Many experiments have shown that an adult man in full work expends rather more than 3000 of these calories daily, and must therefore be supplied with a corresponding quantity of food. This has been recognised in the dieting of our fighting men, of the inmates of our gaols and workhouses, in textbooks of physiology, and in the report of the Royal Society's committee on which the Food Controller admittedly acted. But the rations of bread, meat, and sugar that he allows us do not furnish more than 1800 of these calories. *Ergo*, we have to provide ourselves with the remaining 1200 from the other sources just enumerated if we are to get our full 3000 calories.

Not everyone, however, requires the whole of these 3000 calories. To produce them economically one would require to consume about 100 grammes of protein, 100 grammes of fat, and 500 grammes of carbohydrates, the chief foundation of the diet being bread up to the extent of at least one pound daily. But this is for an able-bodied

man doing manual labour; and people in sedentary occupations, women, and the elderly of both sexes can do with a good deal less. Playfair found in the "Song of the Shirt" days that a London needlewoman contrived to live on 375 grammes of food in all; and Voit, the great authority on diet, that

mentioned, tells us in the *Lancet* of Feb. 17 that, being anxious on the point, he had his own daily food measured, weighed, and tested for three days, and found that it worked out at a daily average of 2471 calories only. Nor did he stint himself of anything which a well-to-do man of powerful frame, sound health, and sixty years of age might be expected to allow himself. His meals consisted of early tea with bread-and-butter; breakfast, with porridge, fish, or bacon, egg, and marmalade; lunch, with meat or fish, and either pudding or cheese; an afternoon tea like the early one; dinner, with sometimes soup, fish, meat, pudding, and cheese, and sometimes with one or both of the first two courses omitted, but always with claret; and then, before going to bed, a supper of whisky and biscuits, with or without cheese. 227 calories for the claret and whisky are, indeed, included in the total of 2471 given above, although he warns us that some will dispute the value of these last as heat or energy formers.

It is plain, therefore, that most of us could do well on a good deal less than the full diet hitherto allowed us, and the question is what we can best give up if it is necessary in the interests of the State. Meat, to judge by the market reports, is the food which most people, since the Order was issued, seem to have thought they could best do without. This may have been right physiologically but not in a patriotic sense, because there does not seem yet to be any falling off in the meat supply, and with the existing facilities for cold storage it ought not to be difficult to keep enough in hand for our needs. The case is different with grain, about the import of which there is a difficulty, while the harvest both in our own and in other countries is always an uncertain factor. The patriot should therefore restrict himself or herself rather in the consumption of bread than of meat; and the readiest way of doing this would be, as has been before suggested, by giving up afternoon tea. The quantity of bread, butter, cakes, and other preparations of flour, butter,

and sugar consumed and often wasted in this meal must come to something prodigious when we see the number of tea-shops still springing up not only in London, but in all provincial towns and most villages. As for early tea, no one can really need it who breakfasts as early as, say, nine o'clock, and one feels a mild if impertinent wonder at finding that it figures in the dietary of so robust a physiologist as Dr. Waller. How the calories lost by the abandonment of these two superfluous meals are to be replaced, if at all, depends upon the stocks of other foodstuffs in hand and the chances of replenishing them at moderate cost. The amount of these is doubtless in the knowledge of the Food Controller, and it may be hoped that before long he may give us a lead on the subject.—F. L.

ON THE MARNE FRONT: FIXING A TRENCH SEARCHLIGHT.
French Official Photograph.

the Trappist monk thrives on 518. Considering the great number of able-bodied men at the front or doing national service in which their rations are found for them, we may assume that of those left behind only a relatively small proportion will need the full scale of diet. Nor is it probable that they habitually attempt it. Professor A. D. Waller, the Chairman of the Royal Society's Committee just



ON THE MARNE FRONT: CARRYING A SEARCHLIGHT TO A TRENCH.—[French Official Photograph.]

A GIANT AND ITS PIGMY CREATORS: A BRITISH BIG GUN.

DRAWN BY MUIRHEAD BONE. (REPRODUCED FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT.")



A MONSTER OF THE BRITISH ARTILLERY IN THE MAKING: A HEAVY GUN IN AN ORDNANCE FACTORY.

Some idea of the gigantic bulk of the largest type of heavy long-range guns, as now built for the British artillery, can be obtained by comparing it with the diminutive size of the men in the above drawing. The rate of output of big guns

from British ordnance factories has increased enormously. Our illustration is from Part III of "The Western Front," a series of drawings by the official artist, Mr. Muirhead Bone.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, ROBINSON, SWAINE, LAPAYETTE, RUSSELL, LANGFIER, PHOTOPRESS, WESTON, AND REEDSFORD.



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Surgeon Lieut.-Col. W. E.
Dudley, Portland Place, Bath.



CAPTAIN
P. A. H. THORNILEY, M.C.,
Manchester Regt. Son of Mr.
P. W. Thorniley, Wem.



MAJOR W. T. HEAGERTY,
R. Sussex Regt. Son of late Mr. William
Browne Heagerty, Eastbourne. Died of
wounds.



CAPTAIN RUPERT G. RAW, D.S.O.,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Awarded D.S.O.,
S. African War. Son of Mr. George Henry
Raw, Albert Court, S.W.



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SPICER,
R.F.C. Youngest son of Mr.
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2ND LT. C. V. THOMPSON,
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Mr. Alexander Thompson, of
Seymour Gardens, Ilford.



2ND LIEUT. T. V. TYRWHITT-DRAKE,
Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. Arthur Tyrwhitt-
Drake, Aldon, Yeovil, late of Holnest Park,
Sherborne.



COMM. H. C. WOOLCOMBE-BOYCE,
R.N.,
Son of late Arthur Courtenay Woolcombe-
Boyce, Berkshire Regt. Lost at sea.



LT. MICHEL S. DE BAY,
Princess Patricia's Canadian
L.I. Son of Mr. J. S. de Bay,
Imp. Mun. Board, Ottawa.



LIEUT. ALFRED H. WIL-
LOUGHBY, R.N.,
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been lost at sea.



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Leinster Regt. Only surviving son of Mr.
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Surrey.



CAPTAIN J. C. McMILLAN,
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ADIE,
R. Flying Corps. Son of
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RICHARD O. B. BRIDGE-
MAN, R.N., D.S.O.
Brother of Earl of Bradford.



LIEUT. S. C. CHEVERTON,
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Col. F. J. Cheverton, Durham
L.I., of Pocklington.



COLONEL R. E. CAREW,
Of Ballinamona Park, Waterford. Died at
the Mount Dore Military Hospital, Bourn-
mouth, from illness contracted on service.



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LITERATURE.

Venizelos and the War.

During the war, no more interesting or significant personality has emerged than that of M. Venizelos. Already recognised as the saviour of Greece from financial confusion and corruption, he has since August 1914, appeared in a very especial sense as the apostle of liberty to the Hellenic world. His very name, Eleutherios, is symbolic of his mission. The great Cretan has been in love with freedom since his boyhood. He liberated his native island, and then took up the cause of purifying Greek politics generally. But in so doing he aroused dynastic antagonisms, which have forced him into his present position. What that position exactly is and how it was brought about is shown by Mr. Crawford Price in "Venizelos and the War" (Simpkin, Marshall), an able little volume written with first-hand knowledge of the whole network of latter-day Greek intrigue. The sketch handles, in brief, every side of the question, and explains much on which even the most careful newspaper reader desires more light. For Mr. Price has things to say that have not got into the home papers. He is extremely fair to King Constantine, without sympathising for one moment with his endless subterfuges. On the Queen's attitude he is likewise judicial and enlightening. But when the best is said, the sinister hand of Prussia is only the more clearly revealed. The story of how the egregious Von Schenk zu Schweinsburg captured the Athenian Press for Potsdam is a romance of journalism, but not a very savoury one. The agent, however, did his work almost with genius, and Mr. Price does not fail to expose the details of the dingy manœuvre. Through all the welter of Greek politics, Venizelos stands out with something of Garibaldian heroism. His day has not yet fully dawned. It may be that he is to prove the Garibaldi of a regenerated Hellas. The omens certainly point that way. All who would understand recent affairs in Greece should read this excellent monograph.

"The Mark of the Beast." It is impossible to have too many reminders of the reasons why there must be no "peace without victory." The public memory, surfeited with horrors, becomes, as the war drags out into years, less alert to indignation, and at the risk of repetition it is necessary to enforce and

enforce again the lessons of Belgium, Poland, and Serbia. It is necessary also to keep always clearly in view the facts about Prussian militarism, its purpose and organisation. The public must never forget what that stands for. Possibly a considerable number of people are still not fully alive to the truth about Moloch. Hence the value and timeliness of Sir Theodore Andrea Cook's volume, "The Mark of the Beast" (John Murray), in which the whole body of Prussian offence is brought together in lucid and succinct form. Those who have followed closely the tragic history of the last two-and-a-half years may not find much that is new in the book (the author does not claim that they will), but the familiar story gains new force and point by its compendious presentation. And those who are not

frenzied visions in their fevered brains, she keeps them in prison, safe under lock and key, until 'the Day.' Before the dawn of war her slave was only let out that he might become a spy. When war broke out, he was driven, drunk with lies, to the slaughter of the trenches. Can we wonder that he began by turning Belgium into a shambles? Yet Sir Theodore is not without hope that the German people may yet come to its right mind and sweep the Beast away.

A Convincing War Book.

read by everybody.

Absolutely unpretentious, and very human, "One Young Man" (Hodder and Stoughton) should be

It carries evidence of truth in every line. It is the story of a clerk who enlisted in 1914, fought for nearly two years, was severely wounded and invalided out of the Army. The story is told in a series of letters which give in simple terms word-pictures of life in training in England and in action at the front; and, as in all stories of real life, laughter and tears are never very far apart. Over and over again this "One Young Man" bears testimony to the valuable work which is being done in connection with the war by the Y.M.C.A., and tells how it provides something approaching home comfort and home influence in places where they are sorely needed; and, without doubt, tens of thousands of young soldiers would endorse the writer's warm praise of and honest gratitude to the great Association, which has never done worthier work than is described in these letters which

Mr. Hodder Williams has edited with such well-deserved sympathy.

The zeal of French munition-workers is as keen as that of our own, and, appreciating this, Sir Robert Hadfield, the well-known Sheffield steel magnate, has shown his interest in the work of our brave Ally by exhibiting to the 15,000 munition-makers of his firm, Messrs. Hadfields, Ltd., Sheffield, the film recently issued by the French War Office, "Cannons and Munitions." As the film shows the masterly way in which France is facing the present conditions, it is hoped that other large industries will follow the example of Sir Robert and his firm, and exhibit the film to their people. A copy of the film may be seen on inquiry of Mr. Edmond Ratisbonne, 24, Denmark Street, Charing Cross Road, W.C.



WITH THE GREEK SOLDIERS IN MACEDONIA: MULETEERS.—[French Official Photograph.]

yet fully informed may here repair the gaps in their knowledge, and come to a proper and salutary realisation of the ideals we are fighting to uphold and the counter-ideals we are fighting to destroy. Sir Theodore Cook makes no accusations which he cannot substantiate. His accounts of nameless atrocity are all proved up to the hilt. But, besides giving a record of crime, he examines philosophically the mentality, motives, and beliefs of the criminals; he examines also their tortuous policy, and, giving chapter and verse, exposes completely the colossal conspiracy against the liberty of the world. "Prussia," he says, "informs the slave population of her Isle of Penguins that they live not merely in a State, but for it and for it alone. She decorates their prison cell with all the fantastic nightmares of what an omnipotent and entirely unmoral State can, by brute force, achieve; and, having roused these



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"RUTS." AT THE COURT

EVERY actor in the London theatre, Mr. I. I. Grein well with his London Repertory Theatre, now started at Court matinees; and it is only natural that he should inaugurate it with the prize play in his own competition. "Ruts," the work of Mr. Harry Wall, was worth producing; but it is making no reflection to say that here we have a thesis-drama of a sort which, with its triangle of sex and its backboneless hero, we have come to look upon as old-fashioned. The simple, country-bred wife it is who redeems the story from the commonplace; her quaintness and her charm, her level-headedness and her angelically forgiving temper, lend it its attractiveness and much of its humour. You may doubt whether such a girl would have responded to an unintended invitation of an old sweetheart to take a trip to Paris; you are quite sure that a wife of her *plomb* would prevent her life from being wrecked. There are one or two other characters amusingly lit out—thus the Bloomsbury landlady wisely allotted to Miss Sydney Fairbrother, and a provincial county councillor of breezy type, represented by Mr. Roy Byford. But it is on his creation of Emily that the new dramatist most deserves congratulations. He is fortunate enough to find the ideal actress for the part in Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

"THE IMMORTAL MEMORY." AT THE COURT.

The idea behind the comedy which has provided the second novelty of Mr. Grein's repertory season is one that has been used often enough already, and is quite good enough to use again. When the twice-married heroine of "The Immortal Memory" faints in her husband's presence on being confronted with a man visitor, it is, of course, because she sees before her her former lord, whom she has long reckoned for dead. Here is a problem with possibilities. But Mr. Robert Whittaker raises your expectations only to damp them down. All the agitation into which the poor Mayor of Marberry is thrown as he foresees scandal; all this second husband's embarrassing interviews with his scamp of a predecessor; all his anxieties about his little step-daughter's engagement, turn out to have been wasted when the wife, saying what she might have said before, instead of fainting, informs him and her audience that she had divorced the drunkard before she wedded

the Mayor. Miss Kate Cutler's comedy talents obtain but scant scope; Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw has not material enough to make the returned prodigal more than superficially picturesque; and such acting chances as there are fall to Mr. Sydney Paxton as the needlessly worried Mayor.

"THE SPRING SONG." AT THE ALDWYCH.

Anything less likely to stimulate erotic passion than Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" it is hard to imagine, yet it is the provocative effects of that hackneyed melody on a Prince of bulky physique, so susceptible to its influence

to be, in the Prince's spasms of sudden amorosness; Miss Ada Blanche does her best to make bricks without overmuch straw; and there is something comic for a while in the partnering of the small Mr. Robson and the statuesque Miss Lund Fall. But we have had many farces that were funnier than this, and gave their interpreters better chances.

"YOUNG ENGLAND." AT DRURY LANE.

The one weak point in "Young England" was its thinness of plot. Here was an all-English light opera with a score deliciously appropriate and musically, and no less a figure than that of Drake as its central character, and yet the drama of his career was not turned in it to sufficient account. Fortunately, with the re-handling of Doughty's appearances in the story, this fault has been remedied on the transfer to Drury Lane, and now it is possible to enjoy the happy melodies of Messrs. Clutsam and Bath, and to admire the singing of Mr. Harry Dearth, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Clara Butterworth, and Miss Doris Woodall, without feeling uneasily that the librettist's share in the work is scarcely up to the level of that of the composers. There is only one notable change in the cast, Mr. William Cromwell now replacing Mr. Walter Passmore in the character of Tom Moon: he makes a very satisfactory substitute.

"THE BING GIRLS ARE THERE." AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Enter "The Bing Girls" in place of "The Bing Boys"; and, since Mr. Wilkie Bard and Miss Violet Loraine are the impersonators of the village sisters who resolve to take their fling in the gay world, and their companion is Mr. Joseph Coyne in the guise of an "unkissed" model of virtue, and their adventures are by way of Blackpool to the inevitable London, and Mr. Nat D. Ayer illustrates those adventures with the brightest of bright tunes, it follows that the new entertainment in the matters of fun and picturesqueness and rippling music follows worthily in the steps of its predecessor. If there is nothing quite like "The Only Girl" in the new numbers, Miss Loraine's song, "Let the Great Big World Keep Turning," with its spectacular setting, is assured of hardly less popularity; there is a trio about the Serpentine which is as jolly as anything of its kind in "The Bing Boys"; we are given clever imitations and dancing by the Misses Pounds; while in the final scene there are some delightful reminiscences of the old Alhambra ballets.



WITH THE GRAND FLEET: CLEANING GUNS AFTER PRACTICE ON ONE OF OUR LATEST LIGHT CRUISERS.—[Canadian War Records. Copyright Reserved.]

that he makes love instantly to the nearest woman, which are made to justify the use of the title of "The Spring Song" in the case of the newest example of Anglicised French farce. The idea, however grotesque, has possibilities in it which are not quite exploited to the best advantage at the Aldwych. Instead, the piece settles down into the tiresome old rut wherein a young scapegrace fibs his way through a variety of escapades before he is sufficiently off with an old love to be on with a new. Mr. Spencer Trevor works hard in this old-time Hawtrey rôle; Mr. Bruce Winston is amusing, when he is permitted

that the new entertainment in the matters of fun and picturesqueness and rippling music follows worthily in the steps of its predecessor. If there is nothing quite like "The Only Girl" in the new numbers, Miss Loraine's song, "Let the Great Big World Keep Turning," with its spectacular setting, is assured of hardly less popularity; there is a trio about the Serpentine which is as jolly as anything of its kind in "The Bing Boys"; we are given clever imitations and dancing by the Misses Pounds; while in the final scene there are some delightful reminiscences of the old Alhambra ballets.

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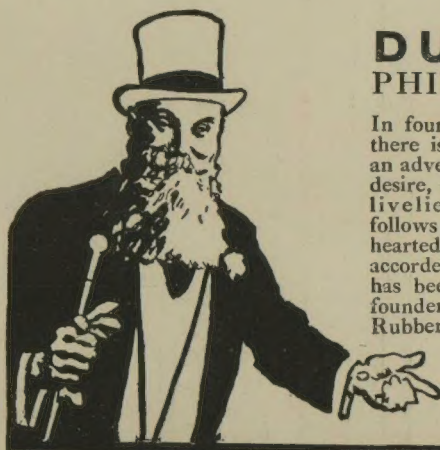
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Chancellor and Motor Taxation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had his attention called in the House the other day to the situation caused by the restriction of the petrol supply after payment of the Revenue taxes on cars. He admitted that, if the effect of the new restrictions was as it was represented to be, there was a clear case for consideration. Further, he promised that, if disability could be proved, later on he would be pleased to give the necessary consideration to the matter. This will be good news to those motorists who have been, or are likely to be in the immediate future, deprived of the use of their cars by reason of the shortage of petrol. As I pointed out when dealing with the subject a fortnight ago, the belated announcement of the further restrictions on the supply of fuel seemed very likely to result in positive injustice to numbers of car-owners who had hastened to pay their taxes during the first days of the New Year. It also undoubtedly resulted in many owners who had not paid laying up their cars, on the principle that they might as well do voluntarily now what they would be compelled to do later on. Of course, those who did this are liable to pay in any case, because the literal effect of the law is that if a car is used on even one day of the year its owner is liable for the tax, except in the case of a car which only comes into use after Oct. 1, in which case only half the duty is payable. In any event, the statement of the Chancellor appears to put matters reasonably right now, and it seems that the best thing for the motorist to do is to use his car and pay the taxes in the hope that the fuel situation will have eased by April. There seems to be very little probability of any relief, but at least we know now that the Government is inclined to regard with favour some scheme of tax-adjustment.

A Lighting Definition.

According to a letter addressed by Scotland Yard to a correspondent

of the *Autocar*, the definition of a too-powerful light is one that throws a beam of more than thirty yards in any direction. As the *Autocar* points out, this is hardly a "definition" at all. A beam of light has no defined termination. In air it travels until gradually absorbed, and it is entirely a matter of opinion where that absorption in any given case may be held complete. If visibility from points outside the beam is to be any criterion, this depends as largely on the state of the atmosphere at the

moment as on the power of the beam itself. I take it that the definition is less an arbitrary one than one designed to act as a rough guide to the motorist in assessing the power of his lights. Up to the present, it cannot be said that the Metropolitan Police have been at all unreasonable in their interpretation of the various lighting orders as applicable to vehicles. It is, nevertheless, interesting to learn that they have fixed a standard power of light for the motorist's guidance.

What is "Motor Spirit"?

A correspondent writes to ask me for the legal definition of "motor spirit." His difficulty appears to be that he is using a mixture of petrol and paraffin, and is uncertain

No import duty is levied on paraffin, and the motorist can therefore use all the paraffin he desires in the meantime. I use these last words because it is being whispered abroad that there is more than a possibility of all the auxiliary motor fuels being shortly subjected to the Excise tax. Incidentally, having mentioned the case of the char-à-bancs, it is worth while recording that a new regulation has been issued prohibiting the use of all motor spirit or fuel containing hydrocarbons on excursions or trips, except journeys in connection with ambulance or hospital work, or the conveyance of wounded soldiers, or with naval, military, or munition work. Trips certified by the police to be necessary or desirable in the interests of the travelling public are also excepted from the operation of the Order. The latter will have the effect of stopping absolutely all pleasure traffic at seaside and other resorts during the coming summer—unless we go back to our ancient friend, the horse. It is very hard on the proprietors of these vehicles, who have sunk capital in their businesses; but I suppose it is necessary in the public interest.

Helping the War Savings Movement.

Messrs. Vandervell, of car-lighting fame, have initiated a good scheme for inducing their employees to invest their money with the State. To every pay envelope is attached an adhesive label, asking: "Are you a member of the C.A.V. War Savings Association? If not, join now."

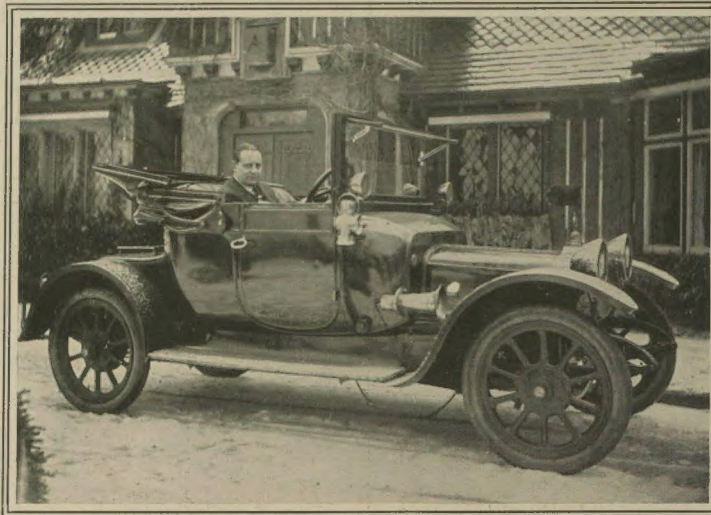
The Petrol Allowance.

Referring to the question of the allowance of petrol for uses unconnected with the war, it is permissible to suggest that restriction might be possible in regard to vehicles used to convey people to places of open-air amusement. Instances will occur to all who are familiar with the roads leading out of London.

Dunlops in Australia.

Figures made available by Mr. H. Burton, manager of the City Motor Service, Ltd., Melbourne—a company that controls one of the largest fleets of taxi vehicles in the Commonwealth—afford unmistakable evidence of what fine work the Dunlop tyre is now doing. During the six months from April 1 to Sept. 30, Dunlop-shod vehicles controlled by this company covered 703,131 miles, using up 136 covers, giving an average of 5170 miles per cover—a result that speaks volumes as to the high quality, both of material and workmanship, embodied in the Dunlop.

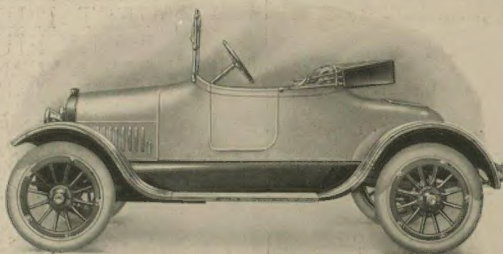
W. W.



A NEW OFFICIAL AT CLEMENT TALBOT, LTD.: MR. ARCHIE WHITE.

Mr. Archie White, who is seen here in a handsome Clement Talbot car, is the new Financial Secretary to the well-known Company, Clement Talbot, Ltd. Until recently, Mr. White was a member of the managerial staff of Lloyd's Bank, and left to assume his new post.

whether he is justified in using double the quantity of mixed fuel allowed by his licence. That is the way he puts it. I take it to mean that he purchases the quantity of petrol allowed him, and adds to it an equal quantity of paraffin. Certainly he is quite within the law in doing this. Some months ago, when char-à-banc owners were being prosecuted for the alleged illegal use of motor spirit, the Home Office defined the latter as being "any motor fuel on which an import duty was imposed by the Customs authorities."



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Photo. Abbey.

Miss **Phyllis Monkman**, the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:—

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Phyllis Monkman



Photo. Weather & Buys.

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R.G. Knowles



Photo. Hana.

Mr. **Harry Pilcer**, the well-known Dancer, writes:—
In one week I was able to walk without discomfort, and commence practising my dances again. In three weeks my serious rheumatic attack was completely and permanently cured.

Harry Pilcer



Photo. Swaine.

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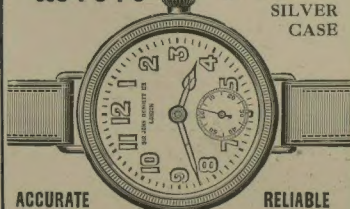
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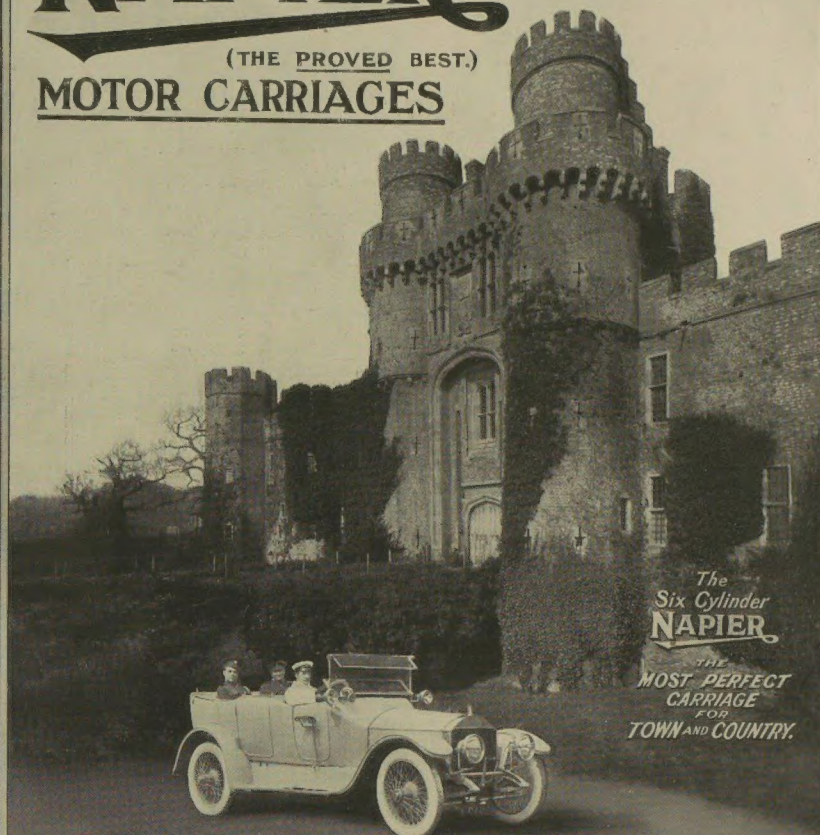
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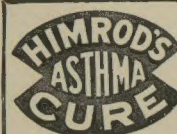
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NEW NOVELS.

"The Mark of Vraye."

"The Mark of Vraye" (Hutchinson) is just the book for those who can enjoy a medieval romance embracing murder, treachery, a strong love-interest, and a forced marriage. Heiresses in the Middle Ages were, as we know, exposed to many perils from suitors who desired their fortunes not less than their persons; but Yvonne de Vraye was wedded out of revenge by the man on whose cheeks she had caused to be imprinted the mark of Vraye—two "V's" slashed bloodily by his enemy's rapier. She was lucky, because Charles, Vicomte de Montbrison, was the hero of the piece, and she might have fallen to her cousin, the villainous Philippe. Mr. H. B. Somerville has taken pains with his plot and its setting. He has reconstructed the fifteenth-century Brittany—or at least the Brittany of that time from the nobles' point of view. There are rascals enough, and there are one or two "white men." The book leaves the impression of much intrigue, of much sword-play and furious riding 'twixt town and country, castle and castle, which may all be a very good idea of the old, unhappy, far-off society of a France in fierce convulsion. If both romance and method seem now a little trite, that is probably not the author's fault. It is his misfortune that he comes late into a field well trodden by the great.

"The Sure Shield."

The public is in the vein for naval yarns, and "The Sure Shield" (Duckworth), with its evidences of marine knowledge, has come at the right time. Mr. John S. Margerison writes with grip, if not exactly with distinction. Shore-going people who want to know the inwardness of the sea-affair can learn something from his method, which is entirely lucid and refreshingly unsentimental. His plots are the invention of the practical man, and they deal for the most part with the present war. He instructs the ignorant in such matters as the mechanism of torpedoes and the psychology of a drunken stoker. The first sketch, "De Mortuis nil Nisi Bonum," is excellent in its searching examination of Thomas Burdett, whom nothing but the iron bands of discipline kept from being one of his Majesty's bad bargains, and whose funeral, with naval honours, was the solitary glory of his career, and a decorous veil drawn between the man and his office. The Lieutenant saw the grim humour of it, and the mother to whom he had been an undutiful son found ample consolation in the last stately ceremonial. For the rest, a non-professional critic has been obliged to refer to the nearest naval expert, who advises that the tales are first-rate stuff, but doubts if a battle-squadron would be found lying at anchor in an unprotected harbour in this war, and chuckles meditatively at the thought. "Making Good," which tells how Jimmy Paget erased his past failures by torpedoing a German cruiser, is calculated to make the mouths of all young lieutenants water; but again—how singularly simple the Hun was in his choice of an anchorage!

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

EDITH VICARS.—We have taken the liberty of making a slight alteration in your problem, and putting it on a sound footing, as you will see below.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—Thanks and again thanks.

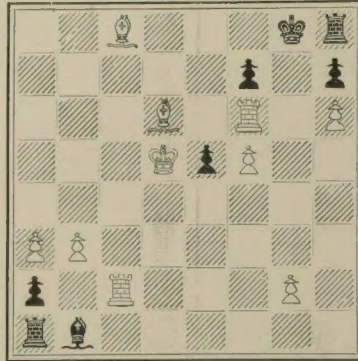
C. H. BATEY.—Your solution of No. 3748 is not sufficient. Everything turns on Black's reply. Thanks for problem.

E. AMABLE (Stapleford).—We have complied with your request.

W. TRUAMAN AND OTHERS.—There is no solution of Problem No. 3751 by way of 1. Q to Kt 5th.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3747 received from J. C. Gardner (Toronto); of No. 3749 from J. B. Canara, A. W. Willson (Hireford), F. C. Parsons (Scaton), E. Amable (Stapleford), W. Sutherland (Edinburgh), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. P. Stephenson (Llandudno), W. Q. Shubury-White, N. R. Dharmavir (Padiham), T. A. Truscott (Forest Gate), E. W. Allam, J. Isaacson, J. Verrall (Ridmell), and M. Green; of No. 3750 from J. Isaacson (Liverpool), J. B. Canara (Madeira), and E. W. Allam (Highgate).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3752 received from H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), E. W. Allam, G. Sillingfield Johnson (Salford), Rev. J. Christie (Birlingham), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), J. Fowler, M. Green, A. W. Waters (Bath), and J. Grant.

PROBLEM No. 3753.—By EDITH VICARS.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3753.—By O. H. LABONE.

WHITE

1. R to Q 3rd

2. B to B 5th (ch)

3. Q to R 6th (mate).

BLACK

K takes R, or R takes Q

K moves

If Black play, 1. K takes P, 2. B to Q 7th (dis ch); if 1. K to B 5th, 2. Q to R 6th (ch); and if 1. P takes P, then 2. K to Kt 6th (ch), and 3. B mates.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

The following game by the great American master, H. N. PILLSBURY, has recently been made public for the first time. It was played in a simultaneous blindfold exhibition against twelve boards at St. Louis, on Jan. 6, 1900.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Pillsbury) BLACK (Bird)

1. P to Q 4th P to K B 4th

2. P to Q B 4th P to B 3rd

It is sound policy in exhibition play to take the single player into less familiar tracks; but the condition is you yourself must know the way you are going. P to K 3rd is now the correct reply. From the effects of the text move, Black never recovers.

3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

4. B to Kt 5th P to K 3rd

5. Kt to B 3rd B to K 2nd

6. B takes Kt B takes B

7. P to K 4th P takes P

8. Kt takes P B to K 2nd

9. B to Q 3rd B to Kt 5th (ch)

A bad loss of time, when time was precious. The whole of Black's Queen's wing is useless, and needs instant freedom.

10. K to B sq B to K 2nd

11. P to B 5th Castles

12. P to K R 4th P to Q Kt 3rd

13. Kt(K 4) to Kt 5 P to K Kt 3rd

14. Kt takes R P

WHITE (Pillsbury) BLACK (Bird)

A beautiful sacrifice that demonstrates a wonderful grasp of the position, especially when regarded in the light of his subsequent 20 move.

14. K takes Kt

15. P to R 5th R to B 4th

16. P takes P (ch) K takes P

17. P to K Kt 4th B to R 3rd

18. P takes R (ch) P takes P

19. Kt to K 5 (ch) K to Kt 2

20. R to R 7th (ch)

It is difficult to believe that this could have been part of his original conception; but it certainly puts a dramatic climax on the combination. If, now, K takes R, mate in three follows.

21. K to B 3rd

22. R to R 6th (ch) K to Kt 2nd

23. R to Kt 6 (ch) Resigns.

And this was but one of twelve games played simultaneously blindfold!

The game we published a fortnight ago, played at the Havana Chess Club, is shown by a correspondent of the *British Chess Magazine* to be identical with one of Morphy's (Sargeant's edition, No. 98). It was sent us by an esteemed American friend, and we have no reason to suspect the *bona fides* of the modern encounter. It is just another of those coincidences familiar to chess-players and problem-composers.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Highland Regiment. E. A. Mackintosh. 3s. 6d. net (*The Bodley Head*).
A Soldier's Sketches under Fire. Harold Harvey. 3s. 6d. net.

Russia and the World. Stephen Graham. 3s. 6d. net - (Sampson, Low.)
To Verhaeren, and Other Poems. William Keen Seymour. 2s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

The Motor Car: What It Is and How to Drive It. T. O. A. Lawton and R. J. Harvey Gibson. 1s. net - (Wilson.)

The Life Story of Will Crooks, M.P. George Haw. 1s. net (Arnold.)

FICTION.

The Children at Kangaroo Creek. Frances Fitzgerald. 2s. 6d. net. (The British Australasian.)

Outposts of the Fleet. Edward Noble. 1s. net - (Heinemann.)

Interlude. S. P. B. Mais. 5s. net - (Chapman and Hall.)

The Grasp of the Sultan. Demetra Vafi. 1s. net - (Cassell.)

Love-Letters Under Fire. By "John Merton." 5s. net - (Duckworth.)

When the Wicked Man. Guy Thorne. 6s. - (Allen.)

Judas of Salt Lake. Winifred Graham. 3s. net - (Nash.)

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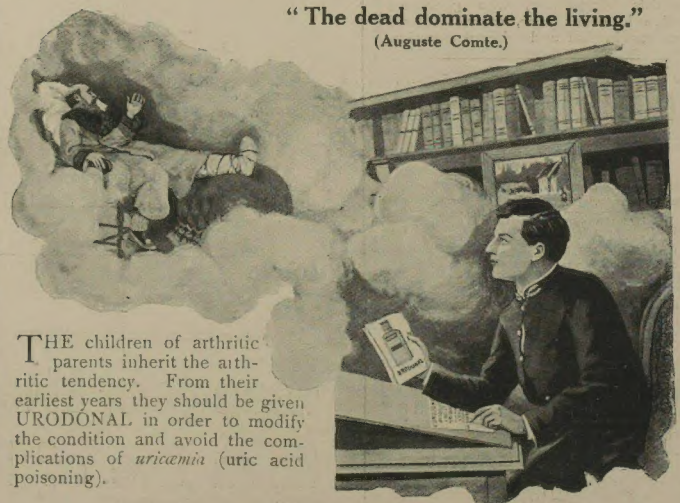


POISONED BY PERNICIOUS PURGATIVES!

URODONAL

Combats Hereditary Arthritism.

"The dead dominate the living."
(Auguste Comte.)



THE children of arthritic parents inherit the arthritic tendency. From their earliest years they should be given URODONAL in order to modify the condition and avoid the complications of uricæmia (uric acid poisoning).

GOUT, GRAVEL, STONE, SCIATICA,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.

MEDICAL OPINION:

"In whatever spot of the body it may be located, uric acid cannot possibly resist the powerful dissolving and eliminating action of URODONAL. This agent chases the uric acid from all its strongholds: from the muscular fibres of the digestive system; from the sheaths of the arteries; from the pores of the skin; from the pulmonary alveoli; and from the nerve cells. The beneficial effects of this cleansing process of the system—which unites and epitomises so many therapeutic indications—are thus plainly apparent."

Dr. BETTOUX,
Medical Faculty of Montpellier.

URODONAL, prices 5s. and 12s. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPLE'S, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom also can be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets: "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet."

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